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chalk's "Cradle Song," in so sweet and unaffected a manner, that she won a recall.

Mr. J. R. Thomas sang in his usual graceful and flowing style, gaining as he always does the warm approbation of the audience. We never heard Carl Rosa play so well. We can mark his improvement, and should be glad to note vigor and decision in his bowing. For lack of these, his phrasing is weak and undecided, and a too general sweetness is the result, which necessarily degenerates into sameness. The orchestra played some effective selections with spirit and precision, but with less artistic coloring than we could have wished for.

The appearance of Ristori in her new character, Marie Antoinette, was undoubtedly the sensation of the week. In it she displays the very highest attributes of her genius. Her dignity, her sweetness, her great earnestness, and her deep pathos, excited by turns admiration and tears. In no other character has she touched the public heart so deeply, and in no other character has she so splendidly revealed the grandeur of art and the high nature of woman. Her whole personation is a study which excites increasing admiration the more it is observed. Its truthfulness to nature, is the highest praise that can be bestowed upon her art. Many and great as have been her previous triumphs, we believe her glory to have culminated in her personation of Marie Antoinette. It is only to be regretted that she was not able to assume this character on the first night of her re-appearance, for her time with us is now so short that not one in a hundred who desire to see it will be afforded that gratification.

The drama, which is powerful and effective, but too long for acting purposes, is put upon the stage in the most gorgeous manner. We doubt if it has been equaled in magnificence of costume, at any establishment in the country.

"Marie Antoinette" will only be performed next week, as Madame Ristori is compelled to leave the city to fulfil other engagements. We advise our readers not to lose the opportunity of witnessing the grandest dramatic representation of the age.

The New York Philharmonic Society has issued its announcement for the forthcoming season of 1867 and '8. This is the twenty-sixth season of its existence, and it is gratifying to know that it has grown stronger with age, and that its sphere of usefulness has increased with each succeeding year. Its beneficial influence upon music in this city and throughout the country, for which it has been a model, can hardly be calculated; for it has been the stronghold of good music, and has stood forth its champion, through good and ill fortune, good and evil will, and against all opposition. It has triumphed,

for the cause was good; and with it, high-toned music has asserted its sway, and has gained thousands of disciples. We have had occasion to censure it sometimes, in no cavilling spirit, but on the broad principle of right; but, on the whole, we think it is as fairly managed as most societies, and it is strong enough to bear a little wholesome advice now and then, and can afford to be magnanimous enough to correct an evil when it is pointed out in a candid and friendly spirit.

The election of Dr. Doremus to the office of President of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society, will give very general satisfaction, and will prove, if he is an active and not an honorary presiding officer, of signal advantage to all the best interests of the association. An auspicious event attended his election, namely, the change of the locale of its performances, from the hall where they were given last year, which will never be frequented but by second-class audiences, to the Academy of Music. This change will be at least five thousand dollars gain to the society.

Mr. Alfred H. Pease has returned to the city, and has brought, as the result of his summer leisure, a new *concerto* for piano and orchestra, which he proposes to produce this season.

Mr. S. B. Mills arrived a few days since from Europe, where he has passed the last few months.

Signor Severini has returned for the winter season.

FRANK LESLIE'S GIFTS TO HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

Frank Leslie, who has just returned from Europe, has, during his absence, made many brilliant literary and artistic arrangements to enhance the attractions of his popular Illustrated Newspaper and Magazines, the results of which will speedily appear.

He has also purchased a large collection of beautiful oil-pictures, produced in Italy by artists of high repute, to present to his subscribers, on the following conditions: Any one sending three yearly subscriptions will receive one of the following pictures, according to choice:

"*The Guitar Player*," a charming picture of Spanish life, spiritedly drawn, full of character, and effectively colored.

"*The Promised Bride*," a view on Lake Maggiore, with surrounding mountains. This picture is fine in tone, and gains an interest by the story which is revealed by the bridal party in the boat in the foreground.

Original pictures of the size and merit of these would cost from \$75 to \$100.

Any one sending five yearly subscriptions will receive a very beautiful picture in the Dutch school, the subject of which is, "*Bread and Tears*; or, *the Lace-maker*." This is an

elaborate and highly finished picture; but its high finish does not rob it of the sentiment and pathos which belongs to the subject. It is really finely treated—a scene of real life so touching that its sentiment will be appreciated by every one.

An original picture such as this would bring \$300.

Any one sending ten yearly subscriptions will receive a large and fine picture, "*The Falconer*," which is drawn with great freedom and boldness, and is richly and harmoniously colored. The charming female figure in this picture will be universally admired. Five hundred dollars would hardly purchase an original picture of this class.

We can hardly understand how Mr. Leslie can afford to make such presents to his subscribers; but there is nothing impossible to a successful man, and one whose motto is *Excelsior*. The public cannot but appreciate the liberal spirit in which these gifts are proffered, the result of which will undoubtedly be, the addition of many thousands to his subscription list, and at the same time a wide dissemination of a love of art throughout the country.

It must be understood that the above gifts will only be given for subscriptions sent direct to the office of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, 537 Pearl street, New York.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

The Parisian theatres are blessed with an unprecedented affluence of spectators—the ticket offices are beset by provincials and foreigners, and money is refused throughout the whole line. The Opera is constantly thronged: the *Italiens* is full nightly, to the tune of fifteen thousand francs, and every one knows what charming music they make; the Opera Comique exceeds its maximum with "*Mignon*"; and the Theatre Lyrique with *Romeo* and the fair Nilsson is in the same happy condition.

Madame Morabelli is to make her début in Auber's new comic opera, which is happily named "*A Happy Day*."

Patti, the pretty, piquante, perpetual pet of Paris, is enchanting her enthusiastic devotees in "*Crispino*." Crimpi, her operatic husband in this opera, is liked for his singing, but his gaiety is somewhat forced and his laugh is wanting in character; it is hoped that a sojourn in Paris may add the necessary touches to these very necessary stage properties. The trio of basses is of course always encored.

Madame Grossi has arrived at Paris and will probably make her musical entree in "*La Donna del Lago*." The Direction has relinquished the idea of reproducing "*Tancredi*" on the advice of no less a person than the composer himself, Rossini, who it is said

fears the effect time may have had upon the chef d'œuvre of his youth! Nothing to equal your genius in all kinds of audacity—even the audacity of modesty!

The Opera Bouffe of the Prince Poniatowski is in rehearsal, with Patti, Crimpi and Galdoni.

Madame Nillson went to see Patti's "Lucia," and applauded frantically—Patti went to see Nillson's "Martha," and ditto ditto'd. As every one knows and admires the tender, sisterly, brotherly, affectionate and venomous attachment prime donne assolute, tenori, bassi, baritoni, "even down to the contra alti," bear to each other, nobody's feelings will be unstrung at this touching outburst of artistic sympathy.

It is reported that Mario and Grisi have abandoned their project of a Ballad *Tournée* in England, and are now *en voyage* for their Florentine villa.

A statue to Catalani has just been erected at Pisa.

At Brussels "Popular Concerts" are really popular. Similar musical feasts are also flourishing at Covent Garden, London.

The English press casts its collective eye with an unfavorable glance on M. Goldschmidt's "Ruth," ruthlessly condemning it to the limbo of things to be forgotten.

From Meiningen come accounts of the performance of some portions of Berlioz's "Romeo & Juliet," arranged symphony-wise, and given by the united orchestras of Weimar and Meiningen. The "love scene" is described as being "truly delicious;" but the greatest effect was produced by the fete music—a masterpiece of tumultuous youth, of life and movement: the whole audience rose, and even the musicians laid aside their instruments to swell the tempest of applause. There are hours in the critic's life which not only console him, but temper his faith anew.

Listz's new Oratorio, founded on the legend of St. Elizabeth of Hungary—a very pretty story, by-the-bye—is spoken of most highly. We may shortly hear more concerning it.

SOIREE AND DISTRIBUTION OF PIANOFORTES.

The American Mutual Pianoforte Association of this city, held its monthly soiree last week, when two pianofortes were distributed among its subscribers. There was a lively competition for these beautiful instruments, the premiums exceeding a hundred dollars for possession. Although the subscription price of these pianos is only \$300, the profits of the Association from premiums, etc., will probably reduce it to \$250.

Mr. Edward Hoffman, Herr Biederman, and

Mr. James W. Pirsson, an excellent amateur violinist, performed on this occasion, Mr. Hoffman creating a sensation by his brilliant performance of a new composition of his own, called "Bridal Fête Waltzes," which is dedicated to and published at the office of the Association, Clinton Hall Buildings, Astor Place.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, September.

DEAR MR. WATSON:

Yesterday I was one of a party who met at the Gare St. Lazare to take the *chemin de fer* for Versailles. We went early, in order to prolong our day of pleasure, and see the dewy landscape in the glow of the morning sun. The time required to go by railway from Paris to Versailles is less than two hours, and the country through which we pass is as lovely as Eden. We pass St. Cloud and its royal parks, we follow the shining waters of the beautiful Seine, we see great, lonely chateaux guarded by marvellously erect poplars, and pretty cottages half screened by tall rose trees. Then there are innumerable vineyards along the route, whose luxuriant clusters of amber and purple grapes give to the landscape a southern and classic aspect.

The *chemin de fer* stops in the lower part of the town, from whence it is impossible to catch a glimpse of the royal palace with its heavenly treasures; but after a few turns through its old streets you come upon an avenue, spacious, and lined and interlined with venerable linden trees. This avenue leads up to the Grand Cour of the palace. Dull and hard is the first glance: the grand court paved with stone, the stone statues of French heroes grim and colossal adorning it,—for although the palace stands upon a sloping eminence, its vastness quite shuts out the view that lies beyond it. And what can compare with a day at Versailles?—a day of days,—a day in this palace of Art,—this monument to "*toutes les gloires de la France*." And once within, what glory bursts upon the enraptured vision. What a magnificent structure! What architectural grandeur, what height, what expansiveness. Was this a human habitation? Did mortals like ourselves dwell herein? Oh no, it is a temple for the immortals. Look around and above you. See, they live: the mailed knight and his daring deeds, the chivalric heroes of old romance,—kings and queens from the Pharamond, mythical Merovingian, and his successors, and Charlemagne, most eminent of the powerful Carlovigians. Capetians, too, are here, with St. Louis as their illustrious centre, and Henry IV., brilliant founder of that Bourbon dynasty which culminated so grandly in Louis Quatorze, the Grand Monarque of Versailles.

Yes, from the far away, shadowy past they come: radiant forms with crowns and glittering sceptres. Clovis, now "eldest son of the church," receiving baptism with his fiery Franks; and again, Charlemagne accepting the submission of Wittikind and his barbarous Saxons. Peter the Hermit, too, is here, firing all hearts with zeal to bear the cross into the infidel East, to secure the Holy City from the hands of the unholy Saracen. And gallant Godfrey of Bouillon, crowned King of Jerusalem; and there is that gallant warrior, Philip Augustus of France, with the treacherous Leopold of Austria. And here

is the famous hero, the daring, brilliant Cœur de Lion. Standing before this *Roi d'Angleterre*, what bold adventures and romantic incidents pass before my mind! Ah, where is his minstrel Blondel, by whose faithful love Richard was rescued from captivity, when all the world mourned him lost? Returning from the Crusades, the lion-hearted prince is wrecked upon the coast of Istria, and thus becomes separated from his troubadour-knight. Alone, and dressed as a Templar, Richard endeavors to find his way through the hostile dominions of his great enemy the Arch-Duke Leopold. But alas! divinity, though veiled, is not easily disguised, and Lion-Heart is recognized and thrust into the gloomy castle of Tenebreuse. In this dungeon, according to tradition, he won his *soubriquet* of *Cœur de Lion*. Many were the tortures that cruel Leopold imposed upon his royal victim; but with a brave heart he endured them all. At length the Arch-Duke bids Richard test his strength renowned with Numidia's ferocious lion. The king of beasts advances, but the king of men quails not: firm he stands, until, with open mouth, the lion prepares to spring upon his royal prey. But Richard, with mighty strength, thrusts forth his giant arm and plucks the panting heart from out the lion's mouth.

How he languished, the brave heart, for his beautiful princess, Berengaria, and his queen-mother, the accomplished Eleanor of Aquitaine; and how he sighed for his poet-knight, the faithful Blondel. But while *Cœur de Lion* is lost to the world, self-despairing, the poor troubadour, with only his guitar for his solace and love for his guide, is in quest of his beloved master. He seeks him in every court; he sings the songs familiar to Richard under every castle window, under every prison bar, until at last one night, when Blondel sung a tender song which together he and the king had composed, there came a low response. And so *Cœur de Lion* was found; and with a great ransom the Arch-Duke set him free.

Here is Louis IX., the sainted monarch, visiting the sufferers stricken with the plague. And lo! the chivalrous Francis, more knight than monarch. This is after the disastrous battle of Paria, and although he is writing to his mother, "*Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur*," his royal face is marked by no grave discouragement. In another picture we find him in the gorgeous pageantry of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," and again as the patron of Art and fond friend of the famous Leonard de Vinci. Here the dying artist is supported in the arms of the royal Francis.

Regard the hero of Ivry, the gallant Harry. See how his white plume waves in the wind, as he bids his faithful Franks follow it, for, says the bold Béarnais, "be sure it will lead you to glory,"

"And to your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Women, too, are here, heroic, and martyr-crowned Jeanne d'Arc, the peasant child-dreamer, with modesty-veiled eyes—again as the inspired, victorious leader of vacillating Charles. Anon at Rheims, triumphant: her holy mission fulfilled; for Charles, the weak monarch, is crowned. Then that terrible finale, a burning 'ile, a fiery chariot, in which the pure soul ascends to God.

Look at that slight, youthful figure; that is Charlotte Corday, whom Lamartine styles the angel of assassination. The portrait was drawn whilst she stood before that terrible